

A Message from Tory-Land

To the VVhig-Makers in Albion.

A whig thing.
To the Tune of, *Sawney and Jockey.*

[1]

11. July. 1682.

[6]

From *Rome* I am come, *Hu Holynes* sent me
To you his fast Favours, to complement ye
Saint Peters Successor his friends doth impute ye
Expecting you'll firmly abide in your duty,
And daily scribble, nibble, quibble,
Your mother defend, you suck'd at her nipple,
She who did breed you, lead you, feed you,
Claims your Assistance now she doth need you.

[2]

And with me I bring the Popes Dispensations,
To furnish you all on any Occasions,
They swear and forswear as occasion requires,
And Cities inflame with your *Catholick* fires,
If you can't turn um, scorn um, burn um,
Else with your sanctified Daggers adorn um,
Bring to Perfection Distraction, and Faction,
The *Pope* will account it a glorious action.

[3]

I come to encourage Projectors and Actors,
Hu Holynes implements, & the Church Factors
Your Zeal for the Cause is put to a Tryal,
When you at the *Gallows* can die in denial,
Thousands of Crosses, Masses, passes
To mount your blest Souls to *Peters* embraces,
You his Inditers, Biters, and Writers,
Have done him more Service then Armies of

[4]

(Fighters

Poor *Town* return'd when the Parliament en-
His Politick wit our Cause still befriended (ded
For his flying Pen so swift is in Motion,
More blest with the Craft of *St. Giles*'s devotion
Thy *Observer*'s matter, scatter,
In *Rome* he's a Saint that in *Albion*'s a Traytor,
Since these Dissenters ventures, enters,
Toss the *Plot* back, we'll swear't at adventures.

[5]

The chief of our Foes are now out of favour,
This, this is the time, there ne'r was a braver,
Our Politicks now hath an excellent face on't,
Then down with these *Whigs*, not hate um an
Those dull Romances, *Frances*, fancies, (ace ont
To *Catholick Nat* much credit advances,
Let his Pen Rogue on, tug on, jog on,
Were *Albion* our own, stand cleer *Mogan Mogan*

Godfrey's Murder was rarely contriv'd,
To kill himself, he walk'd abroad while he lived,
Heracism, *Nat* and the brave *Observer*,
Ingeniously each hath stated the matter,
For if to fright us, *Tism* indite us,
These valiant *Heroes* stand up to right us,
Those who were stringed, swunged, hanged
As innocent Babes were certainly wronged,

[7]

But dear *Madam Caliers* intrigue did miscarry,
You see that 'tis dangerous to be unwary,
these Hereticks must by all means be destroyed,
And all the Church Rights by us be enjoyed,
Yet if we arm us, ram us, damn us
these Heretick Dogs will find *Ignoramus*,
Still it miscarries, it tarries, it varies,
Yet never were days so blest as *Queen Maries*.

[8]

Cloud the *Whigs* Evidence with high Dirision,
And make it your Care to foment Division,
Divide if you can the Prince from the people,
And that will advance the Crown that is Triple.
Now is the time boys, mine boys, thine boys,
Eclipse but the *Whigs*, the *Tories* will shine boys,
But if you'll root um, smoot um, blot um,
Cut the Duke's Legs, and swear the *Whigs* cut um.

[9]

If mortall Assistance should happen to fail ye,
As't did to *St. Coleman*, *St. Whitebread*, *St. Staley*,
St. Pickering, *St. Grove*, or such Holy Martyrs,
stand fast to the Cause, ne'r value your Quarters.
You shall be when dead, painted, fainted,
With Purgatory you shall ne'r be acquainted,
When you are Torter'd, Quarter'd, Martyr'd,
Y'are Canniz'd Saints all pardon is granted.

[10]

There ne'r was more hope since the *Spanish* Invasion
to bring in subjection this Heretick Nation,
And now should it fail and our Plot be defeated,
'tis vain to expect 'twill e're be compleated,
Win it and wear it, clear it, share it,
Possession's the due reward of your merit,
You shall have Guinies, and if no sin is
to build up with blood on the Protestants-Finis.

R. S.

Printed for J. Conyers at the Black Raven in Duck-Lane, MDCLXXXII.